80

SIR Gregory Nonsence His Newes from no place.

Written on purpose, with much study to no end, plentifully stored with want of *wit, learning, Iudgement, Rime and* Reason, and may seeme very fitly *for the vnderstanding of* Nobody.

Toyte, Punkton, Ghemorah, Molushque, Kaycapepson.

This is the worke of the Authors, without borrowing or *stealing from others.*

By *Iohn Taylor.*

Printed in *London*, and are to bee sold betweene *Charing-Crosse*, and *Algate.*

Gregory Nonleface

His Newes from Pluto.

To the (*Sir Reuerence*) Rich Worshipped, Master *Trim Tram Sencelesse*, great Image of Authority and *Hedgborough* of the famous City of *Goteham*, and to the rest of *that admired and vnmatchable Senate, with their Corruptions and Families.*

MOst *Honorificicabilitudinitatibus*, I hauing studied the seuen Lubberly Sciences (being nine by computation) out of which I gathered three coniunctions foure mile Asse-vnder, which with much labour, and great ease, to little or no purpose, I haue Noddicated to your gray graue and grauelled Prate ection. I doubt not but I might haue had a Patrone neerer hand, as the Deane of Dunstable, or the Beadle of Layton Buzzard, but that I know the phrase, Me-

thod and Stile, is not for euery mans vnderſtanding, no my moſt renowned Pythagor-Aſſes, for you this Hogſhead of inuention was brewed and broched, for I am ignorantly perſwaded that your wiſedome, can pick as much matter out of this Booke in one day as both the Vniuerſities can in twelue moneths, and thirteene Moones, with ſixe times foure yeeres to boot. I know your bounties too exding, for as old mother *Baly* ſaid, the wit of man was much when ſhe ſaw a dog muzzled. Euery man is not borne to make a Monument for the Cuckoo; to ſend a Triſoote home alone, to driue ſheepe before they haue them, or to Trundle Cheeſes down a hill. So ſaluting you with more preſpect then the Maior of *Lpo*, did the Queenes Ape, I take leaue to leaue you, and reſt yours to bid you welcome, if you came within a mile of my houſe to ſtay all night.

I haue Hiſtory for this out of an Illiterate well printed Poem in Proſe, intituled, the wiſe men of Gothã, of much antiquity.

Yours *Rolthayton.*

To Nobody.

Vpon a Christmas Euen, somewhat night Easter, anon after Whitsontide, walking in a Coach from London to Lambeth by water, I ouertooke a man that met me in the morning before sunne set, the wind being in Capricorne, *the Signe* Southwest, *with silence I demanded many questions of him, and hee with much pensiuenesse did answere me merrily to the full, with such ample and empty replications, that both our vnderstandings being equally satisfied, we contentiously agreed to finish and prosecute the narration of the vnknowne Knight Sir* Gregory Nonsence, *so sitting downe vpon our shoulders, resting vneasily on a banke of Sicamores vnder a Tree of odoriferous and contagious Camomile, after three sighs, smilingly vttered in the Hebrew Character, two grones from the Chaldean Dialect, fiue sobs from the Arabian Sinquapace, sixe dumps from Germane Idiome, nine Moodes*

To Nobody.

of Melancholly from the Italian tongue, with one hub hub from the Hiberbian outcry. And last he laughed in the Cambrian tongue, and began to declare in the Vtopian speech, what I haue heere with most diligent negligence translated into the English Language, in which if the Printer hath placed any line, letter or sillable, whereby this large volume may bee made guilty to bee vnderstood by any man, I would haue the Reader not to impute the fault to the Author, for it was farre from his purpose to write to any purpose, so ending at the beginning, I say as it is applawsfully written and commended to posterity in the Midsommer nights dreame. If we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend, and shew our simple skill.

Rolihayton.

The

The names of ſuch Authors Alphabetically recited as are ſimply mintioned in this Worke.

Amadis de Gaul.
Archy Armſ.
Benis of Hampton.
Boe to a Gooſe.
Charing Croſſe.
Coakley.
Dunſmore Cow.
Dany Wager.
Euanwich Muffe.
Frier and the Boy.
Fubs his Trauels.
Garagantua.
Gammon of Weſtphallia.
Grigs Granam.
Hundred merry tales.
Huon of Burdeux.
Iacke Drum.
Knight of the Sunne.
Knaue of Diamonds.
Lanum.
Long Meg.
Mad Maudlin.
Nobody.
Otoole.
Proſes of OOOO.
Quinborough Oſtern.
Ready mony.
Shooters Hill.
Snuger.
Sir Thomas Parſons.
Tarleton.
Tom Derry.
Tom Thumbe.
Vnguentum Album.
Will Summers.
Wit whither wilt thou.
Woodcocke of our ſide.
Xampelloes Quiblines.
Yard of Ale.
Zany on tumbling.

The

Faults escaped in the Printing, *which a wise Reader may mend when he sees them.*

IN the 25. page. 44. line, for a *Friers mouth* read a *Pudding.*
In the 170. page 53. line, for a *foole* read a *Bable.*
In the 90. page, 27. line, for *friend* read *rare.*
In the 30. page 6. line 78. for a *Whore* read a *Bridewell.*
In the 100. pace, line 40. for a *Bawd* reade a *Cart.*
In the 12. page 11. line, for *noone* read *dinner.*
In the 16. first, and all the Pages following for *Tobacco* read a *Witch.*
In the 40. page, and 80. line, for a *Calues head* read *Bacon.*
In the 37. page, and 1. line, for *vice* read *plenty.*
In the 000. page, and 3. line for *money* read *scarce.*
In the last Page, for *conscience*, read *none.*
In euery page for *sence* read *nonsence.*

Sir

Sir Gregory Nonsence *his newes from no place.*

IT was in Iune the eight and thirtieth day,
That I imbarked was on highgate Hill,
After discourteous friendly taking leaue:
Of my young Father *Madge* and Mother *Iohn*,
The Wind did ebbe, the tide flou'd North South-east,
We hoist our Sailes of Colloquintida,
And after 13. dayes and 17. nights,
(VVith certaine Hiroglyphicke houres to boote)
We with tempestuous calmes, and friendly stormes,
Split our maine top-mast, close below the keele.
But I with a dull quick congruity,
Tooke 19. ounces of the Westerne winde,
And with the pith of the pole Artichocke,
Saild by the flaming Coast of Trapezond,
There in a Fort of melting Adamant,
Arm'd in a Crimson Robe, as blacke as Iet,
I saw *Alcides* with a Spiders thred,
Lead *Serberus* to the Propouticke Sea,
Then cutting further through the marble Maine,
'Mongst flying Buls, and 4. leg'd Turkicocks,
A dumbe faire spoken, welfac'd aged youth,
Sent to me from the stout Stimphalides,

With

Sir *Gregory Nonsence*,

With tongueleſſe ſilence thus beganne his ſpeech.
Illuſtrious flapiack, to thy hungry doome,
Low as the ground I eleuate my cauſe,
As I vpon a Gnat was riding late,
In queſt to parley with the Pleiades,
I ſaw the Duke of Hounſditch gaping cloſe,
In a greene Arbour made of yellow ſtarch,
Betwixt two Brokers howling Madrigales,
A Banquet was ſerued in of Lampraies bones,
Well pickel'd in the Tarbox of old time,
When *Demogorgon* ſaild to *Iſlington*;
Which I perceiuing with nine chads of ſteele,
Straight flew vnto the coaſt of Pimlico.
'Tinforme great *Preſter Iohn*, and the *Mogull*,
What exlent Oyſters were at *Billingſgate*.
The *Mogull* (all enraged with theſe newes,
Sent a black ſnaile poſt to *Tartaria*.
To tell the Iriſhmen in *Saxony*,
The diſmall downetall of old Charing Croſſe.
With that nine butter Firkins in a flame,
Did coldly riſe to Arbitrate the cauſe:
Gueſſing by the Sindereſis of wapping,
Saint *Thomas Watrings* is moſt ominous,
For though an Andiron, and a paire of Tongs,

May

his Newes from no place.

May both haue breeding from one teeming wombe,
Yet by the Calculation of Pickt-hatch,
Milke muſt not be ſo deere as Muskadell,
Firſt ſhall Melpomene in Cobweb Lawne,
Adorne great *Memphis* in a Muſſell boate,
And all the Muſes clad in Robes of Ayre,
Shall dance Leuoltoes with a Whirligig,
Faire *Pluto* ſhall deſcend from Brazen dis,
And *Polipheamus* keepe a Seamſters ſhop,
The Ile of *Wight* ſhall like a diue dapper,
Deuoure the Egyptian proud *Piramides*,
Whilſt *Caſſia Fiſtula* ſhall gurmundize,
Vpon the fleſh and bloud of Croydon cole duſt,
Then on the Bankes of Shoreditch ſhall be ſeene,
What 'tis to ſerue the great Vtopian Queene.
This fearefull period with great ioyfull care,
Was heard with acclamations, and in fine,
The whilſt a lad of aged Neſtors yeeres,
Stood ſitting in a Throne of maſſy yeaſt,
(Not ſpeaking any word gaue this reply.
Moſt conſcript Vmpire in this various Orbe,
I ſaw the Ceaders of old *Lebanon*,
Read a ſad Lecture vnto *Clapham* heath,
At which time a ſtrange viſion did appeare,

His

Sir *Gregory Nonsence*,

His head was Buckrum, and his eyes were sedge,
His armes were blew bottles, his teeth were straw,
His legges were nine well squard Tobacco Pipes,
Cloath'd in a garment all of Dolphins egges,
Then with a voyce erected to the ground,
Lifting aloft his hands vnto his feete,
He thus beganne, cease friendly cutting throtes,
Clamor the promulgation of your tongues,
And yeeld to Demagorgons pollicy.
Stop the refulgent method of your moodes,
For should you liue old *Paphlagonias* yeeres,
And with *Sardanapalus* match in vertue.
Yet *Atropos* will with a Marigold,
Runne through the Mountaines of the Caspian Sea,
When you shall see aboue you, and beneath
That nothing kils a man so soone as death.
This period finished, ere it was begunne,
Aquarius ioyn'd with *Pisces*, in firme league,
With Reasons and vindictiue Arguments,
That pulueriz'd the King of Diamonds,
And with a diogoricall relap's,
Squeaz'd through the Sinders of a Butterflye,
Great *Oboron* was mounted on a Waspe,
To signifie this newes at Dunstable.
The Weather-cock at Pancrage in a fume, With

his Newes from no place.

With Patience much diſtracted hearing this,
Repli'd thus briefely without feare or wit,
What madneſſe doth thy Pericranion ſeaze,
Beyond the Dragons taile Artophilax. (gl
Think'ſt thou a Wolfe thruſt through a ſheep s
Can make me take this Goblin for a Lambe:
Or that a Crodadile in Barly broth,
Is not a diſh to feaſt don Belzebub,
Giue me a Medler in a field of blue,
Wrapt vp ſtigmatically in a dreame,
And I will ſend him to the gates of Dis,
To cauſe him fetch a ſword of maſſie Chalke,
With which he wan the fatall Theban field,
From Romes great mitred Matropolitan.
Much was the quoile this brauing anſwere made,
When preſently a German Coniurer,
Did ope a learned Booke of Palmiſtry,
Cram'd full of mentall reſeruations:
The which beginning with a loud low voyce,
With affable and kind diſcourteſie,
He ſpake what no man heard or vnderſtood,
Words tending vnto this or no reſpect,
Spawne of a Tortoyſe hold thy ſilent noyſe,
For when the great Leuiathan of Trumps,
Shall make a breach in *Simons* Tennis Court. Then

Then shall the pigmey mighty *Hercules*,
Skip like a Wildemesse in Woodstreet Counter.
Then *Taurus* shall in league with *Hannibal*,
Drain *Bacchus* dry, whilst *Boreas* in a heate,
Inwellop'd in a Gowne of Isicles:
With much discretion and great want of wit,
Leaue all as wisely as it was at first,
I mused much how those things could be done.
When straite a water Tanker'd answer'd me,
That it was made with a Parenthesis,
With thirteene yards of Kersie and a halfe,
Made of fine flaxe which grew on Goodwin sands,
Whereby we all perceiu'd the Hernshawes breed,
Being trusted with a charitable doome,
Was neere Bunhill, when straite I might descry,
The Quintesence of Grubstreete, well diuided
Through Cripplegate in a contagious Map.
Bright *Phaëton* all angry at the sight,
Snatch't a large Wool-packe from a Pismires mouth.
And in a Taylors Thimble boil'd a Cabbage.
Then all the standers by, most Reuerend, Rude,
Iudg'd that the case was most obscure and cleere,
And that three salt Enuigmates well appli'd,
With fourescore Pipers, and *Arions* Harpe,

Might

his Newes from no place.

Might catch *Garagantua* through an augor-hole,
And twas no doubt but mulley *Mahamet*,
Would make a quaffing bole of *Gorgons* skull,
Whilst gormundizing *Tantalus* would weepe,
That *Polipheme* should kisse *Auroraes* lips,
Triformed *Cinthia* in a sinkefoile shape,
Met with the Dogstarre on Saint *Dauids* day,
But sad *Gi[illegible]alkin* mumbling vp the Alpes,
Made fifteene fustian fumes of Pasticrust.
This was no sooner knowne at *Amsterdam*,
But with an Ethiopian Argosey,
Man'd with Flap-dra[illegible], drinking vp sifreeze,
They past the purple gulfe of Basingstoke.
This being finisht, leare to any end,
A full od number of iust fixteene dogs,
Drencht in a sulphi[illegible] of scalding Ice,
Sung the Besonian [illegible] pooles of *Argeire*,
Mixt with pragmati[illegible]tato Pies,
With that I turn'd mine eares to see these things,
And on a Christall wall of Scarlet dye,
With mine eyes began to heare and note,
What these succeding Verses might portend,
Which furiously an Anabaptist squeak'd,
The audireace deafly listning all the while.

A most learned-Lye, and Illiterate Oration, in lame galloping Rime, fustianly pronounced by *Nimshag*, a Gimnosophicall Phoolosopher, *in the presence of* Achittophell Smel-smocke, Annani-Asse Aretine, Iscariot Nabal, Franciscus Ra-viliaco, Garnetto Iebusito, Guido Salpetro Fauexit Powderio, *and many other graue* Senators of Limbo. Translated out of the vulgar Language, of *Terra Incognita*, and is as materiall as any part of the Booke, the meaning where-*of a blind man may see without Spectacles as well at midnight, as at noone day.*

THe Story of *Ricardo*, and of *Bindo*,
Appear'd like *Nylus*, peeping through a Windo:
Which put the wandring Iew in much amazement,
In seeing such a voyce without the Cazement.
When loe a Bull (long nourish'd in *Cocitus*,
With sulphure hornes, sent by the Emp'rour *Titus*,
Ask'd a stigmatike *Paracelsian* question,
If *Alexander* euer lou'd *Ephestion*.
I seeing each to other were much aduerse,
In mirth and sport set downe their minds in sad verse,
Which as my braines with care haue coin'd & minted
With plenteous want of iudgement here tis printed,
But if *Grimalkine* take my line in dudgion,
The case is plaine, I pray good Readers iudge yeon,

Tha

his Newes from no place.

That *Eſop* that old fabuliſticke *Phrigian*,
From the Nocturnall floud, or lake caſ'd *Stigian*,
Came to the Court at *Creete*, clad like a Legate,
The Porter kindly to him open'd the-Gate,
He paſt through *Plutoes* Hall in Hell moſt horrid,
Where gnaſhing cold mixt with combuſtious torid,
Where all things that are good, and goodnes wanted,
Where plants of mans perdition ſtill are planted,
Where Ghoſts and Goblins all in ſulphure ſuted,
And all the fiends like Cuckolds were cornuted.
At laſt he audience got in *Plutoes* preſence,
And of his whole Embaſſage this was the-ſence.
To thee Tartarian Monarch now my Rime-is,
And therefore marke my Prologue, or *Imprimis*,
Thou that in *Limbo* art as 'twere *Rex Regnant*,
Beare with my wit, which is not ſharpe or pregnant,
I come from Houndſditch, Long-lane, & frō Bridewel,
Where all that haue liu'd ill, haue all not dide well,
Where as the Vices ſhew like Vertues Cardinall,
Where's mony ſtore, and conſcience very hard in all,
Through thy protection they are monſtrous Thriuers,
Not like the Dutchmen in baſe Doytes and Stiuers,
For there you may ſee many a greedy grout-head,
Without or wit, or ſence, almoſt without-head,

Sir *Gregory Nonſence*,

Held and eſteem'd a man whoſe zeale is feruent,
And makes a ſhew as he were not your ſeruant.
To tell this newes I came from many a mile hence,
For we do know ther's ods 'twixt talke and ſilence,
With that the ſmug-fac'd *Pluto* ſhooke his veſtment,
Deepe ruminating what the weighty Ieſt ment,
Calling to mind old *Dodonæus* Hearball,
With Taciturnity and Actions verball,
Quoth he, I care for neither Friend or Kinſman,
Nor do I value honeſty two pinnes man:
But 'tis a Maxime Mortals cannot hinder,
The doughty deedes of Wakefields huffe cap Pinder,
Are not ſo pleaſant as the faire *Aurora*,
When *Nimrod* rudely plaid on his Bandora.
For 'tis not fit that any Turke or Perſian,
Should in a Cloke-bag hide a feauer Tertian,
Becauſe the Dog-ſtarre in his cold Meridian,
Might arme himſelfe in fury moſt quotidian.
With that moſt quicke a Pettifoggers tongue went,
(Well oild with *Aureum*, *Argent*, or ſuch *Vnguent*,)
Is't fit (quoth he) here ſhould be ſuch incroachment,
By ſuch whoſe fathers nere knew what a Coach ment,
Or ſhall their Scutchions fairely be endorſed,
Who riding backward iadiſhly were horſed,

For

his Newes from no place.

For though in *India* it be rare and frequent,
Where to the wall moſt commonly the weake went,
Yet neither can the *Soldan* or the *Sophy*,
Shew any Preſidents for ſuch a Trophy.
By Rules of Logicke, he's a kinde a Catiue,
And makes no reckning of his Country natiue,
That doth with feeble ſtrength, loue with deriſion,
And without bloudſhed makes a deepe inciſion.
Why ſhould a man lay either life or lime ny,
To be endangered by a falling Chimney.
For though the proſecution may be quaintly,
Yet may the execution end but faintly,
Lets call to mind the famous acts of *Hector*,
When aged *Ganimede* carouſing *Nectar*,
Did leaue the Greekes much matter to repine on.
Vntill the Woodden Horſe of truſty *Sinon*,
Foald a whole litter of mad Colts in Harneſſe,
As furious as the hoſt of *Hollophernes*.
But to the purpoſe here's the long and and ſhort ont,
All that is ſaid, hath not beene much important,
Nor can it be that what is ſpoke is meant all,
Of any thing that happens accidentall,
We will examine wiſely what the Foe ſent,
And whether he be innocent or nocent.

Sir *Gregory Nonſence*,

In weighty matters lets not be too ſerious,
Ther's many an Eunuch hath bin thought venrious,
And 'tis a thing which often hath bin heard on,
That he that labours doth deſerue his Guerdon,
Let vs the firſt precadent time examine,
Youle finde that hunger is the cauſe of famine,
The Birds in Summer that haue ſweetely chirped,
Ere winter hath beene done haue beene extirped.
He may weare Robes, that nere knew whata Rag ment,
And he that feaſts may faſt without a fragment,
The end proues all, I care not for the Interim,
Time now that ſummers him, wil one day winter him.
To outward view, and Senſes all exterier,
Amongſt all fooles I neuer ſaw a verier,
Then he that doth his liberty prohibit,
To fall in danger of a fatall Iibbit.
Nor for this purpoſe here to talke come I,
How ſiluer may be mock't with Alcamie,
I oft haue heard that many a Hawke hath muted,
Whereby the Faulkners Clothes hath beene poluted.
This may be auoyded if the Knight *Sir Reuerence*,
Be wary with a negligent perſeuerance:
For men of Iudement neuer thinke it decent,
To loue a ſtinking Pole-cat well for the ſent.

But

But if a man ſhould ſeriouſly conſider,
Where Charity is fled, or who hath hid her,
He in the end would giue this worthy ſentence,
The earth hath beene accurſed ſince ſhe went hence.
The Times are biting, and the dayes Caniculer,
And miſchiefe girds about the Globes orbiculer,
How from the Country all the plaine Ruſticity,
Liues by deceit, exiling plaine ſimplicity.
A face like Rubies mix'd with Allablaſter,
Waſtes much in Phyſicke, and her water-caſter,
That whoſoe're perceiues which way the ſtinke went,
May ſent and cenſure ſhee's a great delinquent.
Why ſhould a Bawd be fur'd with Budge & Miniuer,
As if ſhe were a Lady, or Queene *Guiniuer*?
When as perhaps ther's many a modeſt Matron,
Hath ſcarcely meate, or money, clothes or patron,
And wherefore ſhould a man be growne ſo ſtupid,
To be a ſlaue to *Venus* or to *Cupid*,
Hee's but a foole that hoping for a vaine prize,
Being captiu'd can haue no baile or maine prize.
For he that hath no ſhift let him determine,
He ſhall be bitten with Fleas, Lice, or Vermine.
This being all his ſpeeches *Pia Mater*,
He cal'd a Sculler, and would goe by water:

Sir *Gregory Nonſence*,

When ſtraite the Stigian Ferriman a rare one,
Old amiable, curriſh curteous *Caron*,
Row'd with a whirle-wind through the *Acheron* ticke
And thence vnto the Azure Sea proponticke.
There *Neptune* in a burning blue Pauillion,
In ſtate did entertaine this ſlow Poſtilion,
There *Proteus* in a Robe of twiſted Camphire,
With a graue beard of monumentall Samphire,
Quoth he, ſhall we whoſe Anceſtors were warre-like,
Whoſe rich Perfumes were only Leekes and Garlike,
Whoſe noble deedes nocturnall and diurnall,
Great Towues and Towers did topſie turuy turne all.
Shall all their valour be in vs extinguiſh'd,
Great *Ioue* forbid there ſhonld be ſuch a thing wiſh'd,
Though *Cleoprtra* was *Octauia's* riuall,
It is a thing that we may well conniue all,
Amongſt the Antients it is vndiſputable,
That women and the winds were euer muteable,
And 'tis aprou'd where people are littigious,
There euery Epicure is not religious,
Old *Oceanus* knowing what they ment all,
Brought *Zephirus* vnto the Orientall,
And he by Argument would proue that loue is,
A thing that makes a wiſe man oft a Nouice:

For

his Newes from no place.

For tis approu'd a Greyhound or a Beagle,
Were not ordain'd or made, to hunt the Eagle,
Nor can the nimbleſt Cat that came from *Gottam*,
Search the profundity of *Neptunes* bottom.
Let roaring Cannons with the Welkin parley,
It's knowne good liquer may be made with Barley,
And by experience many are aſſured,
Some grounds are fruitfull if they be manured.
For in the rudimens of health or ſanity,
An arrant Whore is but a price of vanity:
Some men with fury will procraſtinate,
And ſome with leaden ſpeede make haſt in at.
But in concluſion many things impurely,
Dye in the Birth, and neuer end maturely,
The man that ſeeketh ſtraying minds to weane all,
From veniall vices, or offences penall;
Had he the forces of the Turkiſh Nauy,
He would lye downe at laſt and cry pecauy.
Of one thing I haue oftentimes tooke notice,
The foole that's old, and rich, much apt to dote is,
And by the light of *Polux* and of *Caſtor*,
A Woolfe in Shepheards weedes is no good Paſtor,
Thoſe that do liue a Commicke life by Magicke,
Their Sceanes in their Cataſtraphes are tragicke.

And

Sir *Gregory Nonſence.*

And that ore the World would be chiefe Primate,
May giue occaſion for wiſe men to rime at,
Before men fell to wrangling diſagreement,
A Lawyer vnderſtood not what a fee meant:
It was a time when Guilt did feare no cenſure,
But loue, and peace, and charity was then ſure.
Now fathers (for their bread dig and delue it,
The whilſt the Satten Sonnes are lin'd with Veluet.
Thus do I make a hotch potch meſſe of *Nonſence*,
In darke Enigmaes, and ſtrange ſence vpon ſence:
It is not fooliſh all, nor is it wiſe all,
Nor is it true in all, nor is it lies all.
I haue not ſhew'd my wits accute or fluent,
Nor told which way of late the wandring Iew went,
For mine owne part I neuer cared greatly,
(So I farewell) where thoſe that dreſſe the meate lye.
A miſerable Knaue may be cloſe fiſted,
And prodigall expence may be reſiſted,
I neither care what *Tom*, or *Iacke*, or *Dick* ſed,
I am reſolu'd, and my mind is fixed,
The caſe is not as he, or I, or you ſed,
Truth muſt be found, and witneſſes produced,
My care is, that no captious Reader beare hence,
My vnderſtanding, wit, or reaſon here hence.

On

his Newes from no place.

On purpoſe to no purpoſe I did write all,
And ſo at Noone, I bid you here good night all.

THen with a tuchbox of tranſalpine tarre,
Turning thrice round, and ſtirring not a iot,
He threw fiue tunne of red hot purple Snow,
Into a Pigmeis mouth, nine inches ſquare,
Which ſtraite with mellancholly mou'd,
Old *Bembus* Burgomaſter of *Pickthatch*,
That plunging through the Sea of *Turneball ſtreete*,
He ſafely did ariue at *Smithfield Barres*.
Then did the Turnetripes on the Coaſt of *France*,
Catch fifteene hundred thouſand Graſhoppers,
With foureteene Spaniſh Needles bumbaſted,
Poach'd with the Egges of foureſcore Flanders Mares,
Mounted vpon the foote of *Caucaſus*,
They whorld the footeball of conſpiring fate,
And brake the ſhinnes of ſmugfac'd *Mulciber*,
With that grim *Pluto* all in Scarlet blue,
Gaue faire *Proſerpina* a kiſſe of braſſe,
At which all Hell danc'd Trenchmore in a ſtring,
Whilſt *Acheron*, and *Termagaunt* did ſing,

The

Sir *Gregory Nonsence.*

The Mold-warpe all this while in white broth bath'd,
Did Carroll *Didoes* happineſſe in loue,
Vpon a Gridiron made of Whiting-mops,
Vnto the tune of *Iohn* come kiſſe me now,
At which *Auernus* Muſicke gan to rore,
Iuthron'd vpon a ſeate of three leau'd graſſe,
Whilſt all the Hibernian Kernes in multitudes,
Did feaſt with Shamerags ſtew'd in Vſquebagh.
At which a banquet made of Monopolies,
Tooke great diſaſte, becauſe the Pillory
Was hunger-ſtaru'd for want of Villaines eares,
Whom to relieue, there was a Mittimus,
Sent from *Tartaria* in an Oyſter Boate,
At which the King of *China* was amaz'd,
And with nine graines of Rewbarbe ſtellified,
As low as to the altitude of ſhame,
He thruſt foure Onions in a Candle-caſe,
And ſpoild the meaning of the worlds miſdoubt,
Thus with a Dialogue of crimſon ſtarch,
I was inflamed with a num-cold fire,
Vpon the tenterhookes of *Chalemaine*,
The Dogſtar howl'd, the Cat a Mountaine ſmil'd,
And *Siſiphus* dranke Muskadell and Egges,
In the horn'd hooſe of huge *Bucephalus*,

Time

his Newes from no place.

Time turn'd about, and ſhew'd me yeſterday,
Clad in a Gowne of mourning had I wiſt,
The motion was almoſt too late they ſaid,
Whilſt ſad diſpaire made all the World ſtarke mad,
They all aroſe, and I put vp my pen,
It makes no matter, where, why, how, or when.

Some

Some ſence at laſt to the learned.

YOu that in *Greeke* and *Latine* learned are,
And of the ancient *Hebrew* haue a ſhare:
You that moſt rarely oftentimes haue ſung,
In the *French*, *Spaniſh* or *Italian* tongue,
Here I in *Engliſh* haue imploid my pen;
To be read by the learneſt Engliſhmen,
Wherein the meaneſt Scholler plaine may ſee,
I vnderſtand their tongues, as they do me.

FINIS.

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